



The Note



36 18 13

Chapter 1 by Lance Felix

The note just said "Be Careful"

Chapter 2 by Gounaitory



But I preferred to stay silent as always. And from it everything has started...

Chapter 3 by Selena Raynee



"Be Careful" on a sticky note on my fridge.

Like I wouldn't have guessed I should be careful after half of my damned kitchen blew up.

Chapter 4 by Selena Raynee



I didn't wait for cops, they couldn't help. I took my evacuation kit, my handgun and a picture of my wife in heavy silver frame.

In two hours I was out of the country.

Chapter 5 by samantha



To any other person... my decision to leave the country would have been rash. I to would have thought such things only two years ago.

I was the idiot who stayed home when warned to leave and it costed the life of my wife, Lauren and my young daughter Anna-lee.

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Now I never stay in the same place for more than a few days. I always have somebody after me.

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and the most suprising part, one thing I don't understand, and i fear I wont ever understand, Is who keeps warning me , and why.

Chapter 6 by dalazee



Always a note. Always in the same handwriting.

Never more than half a dozen words:

‘Be Careful’

‘Leave Now’

‘Don’t open the door’

Placed on a windscreen. Tucked into a screen door.

I’m grateful. Those notes have saved me on a number of occasions.

Even now, two years since it all began, I still don’t understand why or who. All I know is my wife and daughter are gone forever and I’ve had no time to grieve.

And here I find myself yet again on the move, driving myself across the Polish border from Germany to try and escape whoever is trying to kill me.

This can’t go on forever, I need to stop running and find out who is trying to hurt me and who is trying to help me.

I pull into some pretty nondescript hotel in a small town not far from the border. I park the car. Before I get out, I get a piece of paper and write on it:

‘Who are you? I need to meet you. Tell me where.’

I tuck it in behind the windscreen wiper, hoping that like every other time I’ve run, they are not far behind.

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Chapter 7 by Odun

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I pushed the heavy door to the left and walked into the reception, looking constantly behind my shoulder if anybody wanders around my car. Nobody's outside.

Just like the hotel there was nothing special about the receptionist too, except her big, dark, green eyes, looking directly inside me. I just couldn't leave my eyes from hers for a second. While I was crossing the corridor with the key of a regular room in my hand, I was still thinking about the receptionist. Maybe, I was so mesmerized because it reminded me exact same colored eyes of my lovely wife. Just to think about it hurts like a little sharp pointed pin inside my heart.

I walked to the window across the room as soon as I stepped in. I checked around the carpark. Still, the only alive thing was a weird acting pigeon.

Then I noticed it, after the pigeon flew away. My note behind the windscreen wiper was gone!

I closed the curtains harshly and tried to breathe regularly. Suddenly, a high-pitched scream coming from downstairs made me realize that it was not safe enough to think about green eyes or pigeons.

Chapter 8 by Enderon



I rushed from my room, eyes darting back and forth down the hallway. Nothing seemed to be out of the ordinary.

A light at the end of the hall flickered precariously, and the only sound came from my ragged breathing.

'Where did that scream come from? Who did it come from?'

Just as I had made the decision to return to my room, another scream erupted into the night air. From the stairwell door, a figure erupted, racing past me as they made their way down the hall. As the figure passed, I got a brief glimpse of them.

What I saw there took my breath away.

Where the person's eyes should have been, were two vacant holes.

The figure payed me only the briefest of glances before hurrying away.

It was then that I noticed the trail of blood, leading in the direction that the figure had come from. I set my chin and decided to follow the trail to see if anyone needed my help.

I was led down two flights of stairs and to a room. The door was completely ajar. It was dark, with no lights and the door was slightly ajar. I stepped into the room, cautious of anyone hiding in the shadows.

As I walked forward, my foot hit a small object on the floor. It was a small, dark, round object, spiraling to the floor. My head made contact with a loud thump. I lay there for a moment, my head spinning, as I tried to

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regain my composure.

Finally well enough to move again, I pushed myself up to my knees, and looked back to see what I had tripped over.

It was too dark to make out any real details. All I could see was a dark lump on the floor.

Standing back up, I rubbed my hand along the wall, looking for some sort of a light switch.

Finally my hand found it, and I flipped the switch.

the end

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